

# "MY THEATRE CURE, AND HOW TO TAKE IT," BY DR. ALAN DALE.

The Journal's Critic Prescribes Theatrical Medicine for New Yorkers, and Tells Them Just What Play to See to Cure Themselves of Anything from Blues and Insomnia to Rheumatism and "That Tired Feeling."



ANNA  
HELD  
CURE  
FOR  
RHEUMATISM

"Playwrights  
Furnish  
the  
Drugs

you. I need it so badly." The best tonic in town at present, Malvina, can be found at the Empire Theatre, where a blithe and inspiring young woman is stamping a frolicsome personality upon a most appetizing and satisfactory play called "The Little Minister." The young woman is Maude Adams, and you had better see her at once, Malvina. "The Little Minister" is the most popular medicament in the market at present. It is in my chest (my medicine chest) labelled "Rough on That Tired Feeling." Miss Adams is just the sort of young woman whose example you hanker to emulate. You can imagine her getting up at 4 a. m. and doing the beauties of nature, and all that sort of thing, while the drowsy more in their cots. You can picture her plucking huge nose-gays of morning-glories and putting them in little vases on the breakfast table beside the sardines and marmalade. You can almost see her sitting down with a healthy appetite to discuss a kippered herring, or

some brutally wholesome watercress. Nobody could possibly be tired while watching Maude Adams in "The Little Minister." With her life is real, and ditto earnest. I can think of nothing better for you than a series of Empire matinees, taken, of course, judiciously. Don't be gluttonous about them, dear. Slip them, savor them, appreciate their bouquet, and your tired feeling will go from you most unexpectedly. You will yet live to thank me for my advice.

"I have a lover," writes Felicity L., "but somehow or other he seems to imagine that I am his sister. Unfortunately, I am not one of those girls who comes to be any man's sister. I should infinitely prefer to be his wife. He appears to be a sort of anti-matromaniac. Papa asked him his intentions the other evening, and he replied that he didn't believe in such nonsense as intentions. He likes to discuss chilly subjects, such as 'The Difficulty of Life in the Klondike,' and I can't lure him away from

the odious topic of politics. Don't you think it is a disease? Is there a balm in Gilead?"

There is, indeed, Felicity L. Your Lochario can most assuredly be brought to interest himself in the always pungent problem of marriage. But don't throw yourself at him, dear. Young men don't like that. Get him to buy a couple of matinee tickets for "The Lady of Lyons" at the Lyceum Theatre, and prepare yourself to witness his rapid cure. On the way to the theatre talk of Klondike persistently. Ring in the new Klondike lecturer, Harry de Windt, and beg him to take you to the illustrated lectures. Be more sisterly than any sister, and when you reach the Lyceum tell him not to sit too close to you, as you like plenty of breathing room.

You will note gladly that the ardent and romantic love-making of young Mr. Sothorn and Virginia Earned rivets his attention. At about 8 o'clock try another allusion to



MAUDE  
ADAMS  
CURE  
FOR  
THAT  
TIRED  
FEELING

And  
Actors  
Mix  
Them."



"A STRANGER IN  
NEW YORK"

CURE FOR  
INEBRIETY.

BELIEVE in the theatre-cure. As this is the age of smug fads and delicately nurtured hobbies, I don't see why I shouldn't be allowed to cherish one on my own account. Humanity seems to be exceedingly ill at ease nowadays. In fact, it is quite the thing to own a waste ailment or two. No thoroughly respectable person, hoping to adorn the community to which he belongs, can afford to be mentally and physically healthy. For all the ills that flesh is heir to there are nice new-fangled treatments, quaint cures that would astonish Esculapian of past decades. Under the circumstances I feel no hesitation in advertising my own theatre-cure. Consultations by letter only. I have treated myself so frequently and so successfully and my experience has been so long and varied that I say unreluctantly to one and all "Come and be treated. Follow my advice and all will be well."

A medical friend of mine has handed in a number of letters addressed to him by sufferers all over the city, and I herewith undertake to answer them, and give you some idea of the comprehensive scope of my marvellous theatre-cure. Playwrights furnish the drugs, actors mix them, and managers bottle and label 'em. They are never nauseous; they are seldom dangerous—if taken in moderation—and occasionally they are exceedingly toothsome and desirable.

Here is a letter: "For weeks I have been suffering from insomnia. Somehow or other, I can't sleep at night. I court imaginary cheap. I go through the alphabet backwards. I indulge in vulgar fractions until their vulgarly sickens me. I am afraid of opiate. Kindly suggest some remedy, and shillie."

There is nothing so horrid as insomnia—the ceaseless pitching and tossing upon a warm and unsympathetic bed. Fortunately this is one of the easiest ailments in the repertoire of my theatre-cure. There are drugs galore in my market. To the writer of the above letter, I beg to say that I strongly recommend one good, strong dose of Marie Lloyd at Koster and Bial's. It is the simplest and least disagreeable thing in town at present, and the results are guaranteed. Drop into Koster and Bial's, thinking that you are going to be very rollicking and festive, and wait—simply wait—for Marie Lloyd. The first drop in your eyelids will occur at the close of her first song, dealing with "the best man breathing." By the time she has reached her Spanish ditty, I can promise you one of the most gorgeous yawns you have ever accomplished, and at the close of the "Bar-maid" charade, you will be like the little in the nursery song, and "fold your head under your wing, poor thing." Sleep, cherub-like, will come to you, you will close your eyes in a series of fetching and cinematographic visions. Try it, suffering one, try it. If it fails, let me know. There are other insomnia remedies in my theatre-cure repertoire. This particular one, however, served me in good stead. I speak from experience.

"My married life is a dead failure," writes Maud M. "I have a husband who tipsles. He is ardently devoted to cock-tails, and leaves me with my children to smother for ourselves. He has joined temperance unions galore, and tries hard to discover the latent beauties of sarsaparilla. It is no good. Help me, if you can, for I am desperate."

Inebriety is an ailment that must be approached in a very gingerly manner, my dear Maud. Sarsaparilla is quite useless, and, personally, I don't believe in the Keeley cure. Your loved one, will, I think, be benefited by two or three doses of a capital tonic called "A Stranger in New York," to be purchased at the Garlick Theatre. He will see the cocktail in incessant use. In fact, such a kaleidoscope array of cocktails will be placed before the eyes, that he will say to himself before the evening is over: "Is there—is there nothing else? Is all the world more but a humdrum, one adjunct to a particularly farcical farce?" These questions will occur to him so frequently that when water is passed around between the acts he will probably take a glass as an experiment. And when you reach your home you will probably be surprised to find hubby at the ice box delivering for a bottle of sarsaparilla. "A Stranger in New York" is a delightful cure. Most

"Managers  
Bottle  
and  
Label 'Em."

SOTHERN  
& HARNED  
CURE FOR  
ANTI-MATROMANIA



"THE FIRST BORN"

remedies debilitate the system somewhat, this tones it up to music pitch. Positively, my dear Maud, I almost wish that I myself were an inebriate, so that I could conscientiously dose myself up with "A Stranger in New York."

"I have a dreadful cold in my head," says "Despairing Father," on a postal card. "I suppose it is what is vulgarly called the snuffles. I have tried everything, from lozenges upward. Life just now is very unpleasant. I live on one of the many streets where they are opening sewers. I am unable to smell anything, and this grieves me deeply. I see my dear and devoted wife holding her nose all day, and it is horrid to be so completely out of it. Can you suggest anything?" I can and I will. Go to the Manhattan Theatre, despatching copper, and inhale the entire first act of "The First Born." If that doesn't reach your olfactory nerves nothing on earth can do it. "The First Born" is very penetrating, and by the time you have reached the second half of the entertainment your nose will have succumbed to the incessant strain. I can guarantee this remedy. It is almost infallible, and it is the only thing of the kind in town. It is not disagreeable, for after you have grown thoroughly accustomed to the aroma of this drama you will like it. "I am so tired," says Malvina in violet ink. "Somehow or other I can't un-tire myself. I rise with the lark every morning at 10 o'clock, and my limbs feel like lead. I should like to be able to skip from my bed, trilling a ditty, as I have heard that other girls do. In novels all the heroines go out in the garden before breakfast, and come back with dewy feet and posies of flowers, which they place on the breakfast table. (I am alluding to the flowers, and not the feet.) Why cannot I do likewise? Give me a tonic, I beg of



"THE FIRST BORN" CURE FOR A COLD IN THE HEAD.



MARIE  
LLOYD  
CURE FOR  
INSOMNIA



"THE PROPER CAPER" CURE FOR IMMORALITY.

"The Theatre Is the Safety Valve of the Community."

"They Are Never Nauseous."

have forgotten that there is such a thing on earth as roast beef, and if anybody should chance to allude in your hearing to boiled mutton, you will for a moment or two wonder whether it is candy or furniture. There is nothing in the world like laughter. It is, moreover, contagious. "The man who cannot laugh," says Carlyle, "is not only fit for treason, stratagems and spoils, but his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem." The beauty about "What Happened to Jones" is that it makes you laugh in spite of yourself. You may try your hardest to remember your roast beef and boiled mutton, agony, but you will find the task absolutely impossible. Such plays are godsend. The world is full of weary mothers and tired fathers, sick of the perpetual round of sordid existence—haling the bread-and-butter struggle, wondering whether there isn't anything else here below, and insistently seeking for some relaxation.

"X. Y. Z." asks for a cure for rheumatism, which is a singularly acute and painful disorder. I quail before it. The theatre-cure has very little hope for rheumatism as a general thing. Just now, however, I should advise "X. Y. Z." to take a look at Anna Held in "La Poupée" at the Lyric Theatre. It is a sort of study in the art of how to "limber" your joints. Miss Held plays the part of a deftly jointed French doll, and the exercise to which she submits herself would be distinctly beneficial to the rheumatic. It will, moreover, show you where your joints are. A great many people don't know that they own such luxuries. The agony of articulation will be associated with tinny melody, and perhaps when you get home you will think of the doll's song and hum it over, while you are being rubbed with camphorated oil. I won't, however, swear to the efficacy of treatment by "La Poupée." Rheumatism is such a very difficult thing to combat. "X. Y. Z." can try a dose of the Lyric's concoction, and in case of success, furnish it with a signed testimonial such as "I have tried 'La Poupée,' and found it the only thing on earth for rheumatism. Yours gratefully, X. Y. Z."

I should recommend "The Belle of New York" for indigestion. There is enough in it to tire one of food—especially the rich and vinous diet popular in the Tenderloin. Here is a sad case: "My son John," writes "Bewildered Parent," "is inclined to be very saucy. We cannot tame him. He stays out until 11 o'clock every night. At dinner he turns up his nose scornfully at my home-made root beer. The other day, cook gave notice because he kissed her. She made it clear that she didn't particularly mind being kissed. But, as it happened, her 'steady' had witnessed the embrace, and was much put out about it. Is it not strange that a young man brought up as my son John has been brought up, could forget himself to such an extent as to kiss the cook? It was not my fault. I always engage the ugliest creatures I can find. John is a rake, I am much afraid. He is skittish. Can I hope for any remedy? Is it possible to discourage him?"

I don't like this case at all. It is a trifle too much for me. Still, my theatre-cure is far-reaching. Send your son John, O "Bewildered Parent," to Hoyt's Theatre, where he can see "The Proper Caper." It will show him how very ungraceful too much skittishness can be, when it is pictorially displayed. If it does not tame him, wild and exuberant spirits, I shall be very much surprised. He will hate the horrid old creature who falls in love with Amelia Bingham, and he will say to himself, "If I don't take care, I shall be like that one of these days." There is nothing in cases of moral distress, like confronting a patient with an exaggerated image of himself. "The Proper Caper" is the best show in town for your saucy inclined son. He will return to your fold another boy. I shouldn't be at all surprised if he clamored for that home-made root beer, and then asked you to rock him to sleep, and sing something with a "hush-a-by" in it. At any rate, the experiment is worth trying. It is daring, but not dangerous. Lack of space forbids my attention to other and vital letters. I shall be pleased to hear from sufferers. My fee is nothing at all—and plenty of it. You see I am anxious to boom the theatre-cure. My firm opinion is that the theatre is the safety-valve of the community. ALAN DALE.